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The Soldier's Farewell.

(Musically told.)

"IN Old Madrid" "The Palms" grew high,
And by "The Trysting Tree,"
In "An Old Garden," "Waiting"—shy—
Stood bonny "Rose Marie."
"The Day Is Done," "Ah! Will He Come"
"Only Once More?" she said;
"Who Knows!" my heart with grief is dumb.
Ah! what is that? His tread!"

Across "The Bridge" "A Warrior Bold"
Came. "In the Gloaming" dim,
"The Sweetest Story Ever Told"
Was told her there by him.
"Dear Heart," he said, "I Fear No Foe,"
Except my "Beauty's Eyes;"
"Forget Me Not." And "Sweet and Low"
Her voice as she replies:

"When Far Away," and "Weary"—"Tired,"
"With Heart Bow'd Down"—"I see,
"Sweet Love of Mine," that—"Best of All"
"Then You'll Remember Me."

His "Answer" swift: "'Queen of My Heart,'
'Some Day'—'Unless' I die—
I will return, 'Never to Part'
With you 'till death. 'Good-by,

"Sweetheart, Good-by." Nay—"Tis Not True,"
That I no more shall see
"My Country," "Home, Sweet Home" and
'You;'

No! 'Twas Not Thus to Be.
'Bid Me Good-by;' 'Go, Pretty Rose,
Remember 'Love's Sweet Song.'
"Could I' but know, 'Speak to Me,'
say—
'Shall We Forget' ere long?"

She cried. "'What Recompense' have we?
'Ah, Leave Me Not, Dear Heart,'
'I Cannot Bear to Say Farewell,'
For 'Afterwards' we part."
"Nay, nay, 'My Queen,' 'tis duty calls;
And 'If' I live or die—
'Of Thee I'm Thinking,' 'Faithful,' true,
'Good-by, Sweetheart, Good-by.'"

Addie S. Collom.

Nuggets.



NEARLY every woman feels that if she could dress regardless of expense no other woman on earth could outshine her.

THE clever conversationalist has a long list of subjects to be avoided; the cleverest has the longest.

MOST family trees are apt to be shady in places.

THE Almighty interferes with the world just enough to make Society possible.

HE who loves a woman may be a good man; he who loves women must be.

LUCKY is he who in his stock of experience can find that which suits the present emergency.

HORE is the only virtue that leaves behind it debts unpaid.

HER FIRST DINNER

CHARACTERS:

MARIAN ASHHURST, . . . A DÉBUTANTE
MR. VAN LUYDAM BEEDAM,

A SOCIETY MAN

JACK, . . . MISS ASHHURST'S BROTHER
ALICE, A FRIEND

SCENE: A coupé, in which the *débutante*, a bewildering mass of white satin and soft furs, is being driven rapidly to her destination.

Débutante (in a funk): "Oh, dear, how cold my hands are! And my throat's so dry I have to swallow every five seconds.

I've forgotten all Jack's advice, too. What shall I do? Good gracious, here we are!" (Breathes a silent prayer, grabs her gloves, fan, etc., frantically, and vanishes within a brilliantly lighted mansion.)

Lackey (opening door): "Second floor front, please."

(*Débutante* rushes past him up the stairs, fearful of being late, and hurries into the dressing-room. Perceives several figures in dainty gowns, but brushes by them, oblivious of everything.)

Alice (out two years): "Why, Marian,

don't you know me? Is this your first dinner? Aren't you frightened? But no, you look as calm as an old campaigner. I want you to meet Miss ——" (Introduces her to the others.)

Débutante (bowing and smiling nervously): "I am glad you think, Alice, I look calm. Frankly, it's all I can do to keep my teeth from chattering."

Alice: "What nonsense! But what are we waiting for? Let's go down." (The *débutante* trails reluctantly in the rear.)

Voices: "How do you do?" "How



"Most extraordinary young person." (See page 267.)



"I am glad you think, Alice, I look calm."



"I believe I have the pleasure."

are you?" "Let me present —." "Allow me to introduce," etc.

Hostess: "Ah! Miss Ashhurst! So glad to see you! Allow me to present Mr. Van Luydam Beedam."

Miss Ashhurst (who wonders vaguely why she thinks at that moment of Jack in one of his tempers): "How do you do."

Mr. Van L. B.: "Miss Ashhurst, I believe I have the pleasure of taking you in to dinner."

(Miss A. is saved the awkwardness of a reply by dinner being announced.)

Mr. Van L. B. (to himself): "She's pretty, but, Jove! I shall have to wring every word out of her. I know that sort. (*Aloud*) Let us consider, Miss Ashhurst, that we have discussed all the usual topics, the weather, the opera, the last new book, and let's promote ourselves to a more intimate understanding and discuss each other. We will each give a personal sketch. Now you begin."

Miss A. (whom nobody could put at her ease): "No, please, I can't, really; you begin." (Finds that she is the last girl to draw off her gloves, and tugs away frantically.)

Mr. Van L. B. (resignedly): "Well, I'll account for myself, so as to give you courage. I am nothing if not commonplace. I live in a most respectable quarter of the town with a most unimpeachable parent, and all my surroundings from childhood have been of an extreme propriety and spotless virtue."

Miss A. (to herself): "Heavens! I've used some other fork instead of the oyster fork! What shall I do? I'm sure he saw it. (*Aloud*) Tell me some more—do."

Mr. Van L. B. (flattered): "Such environments ought to have been my ruin, but I was far too lazy, and I am at present merely a harmless butterfly."

(Looks at his companion and encounters a stony stare of horror. What can be the matter with her? Is she ill? Goes on talking, bravely, if disconnectedly.)

Miss A. (to herself): "What is that creeping up my neck?" (Follows it cautiously with her hand, and encounters an atom of an insect. Why did she wear those violets?)

Mr. Van L. B. (to himself): "Thank heavens, she has taken off that look! (*Aloud*) Now, really, it is your turn."



"The rigid figure of the butler."

Miss A. (lying recklessly): "I've been out three years. I used to be fearfully nervous and easily rattled, but I have gotten over that entirely." (Again that feeling on her neck. It can't be—but yes, it is!)

Mr. Van L. B. (to himself): "Most extraordinary young person. There's that expression again. (Aloud) Please go on, you're doing finely."

Miss A. (seizing opportunity, when her neighbor is helping himself to something, to take off her violets and drop them under the table.)

Mr. Van L. B. (turning): "Why, Miss Ashhurst, where are your violets?"

Miss A. (blushing): "They were faded, so I threw them away."

Mr. Van L. B. (to himself): "That's a lie. (Aloud) Excuse me for being personal, Miss Ashhurst, but you have eaten absolutely nothing."

Miss A. (who shivers at the mere mention of food): "What an idea! I've eaten enormously."

Mr. Van L. B. (to himself): "Jove! That's another. (Aloud) Aren't you going to throw any more light on your character?"

Miss A.: "No, really, there is nothing else to tell. (To herself) Oh! where is my slipper? I kicked it off because it hurt, and now I can't find it." (Peers desperately under the table.)

Mr. Van L. B.: "Have you

dropped your glove, or anything? Let me get it." (Stoops down.)

Miss Ashhurst (to herself): "He must not find it! (Aloud) No, indeed, here they both are." (Holds her gloves up eagerly.)

(She sees her hostess give the signal for departure. She must conceal her loss. Nods adieu to Mr. Van L. B., and finds out to her cost that there is a difference between a French heel and no slipper.)

Mr. Van L. B. (to himself, as he lights a cigar and sighs contentedly): "I wonder if that walk of hers is natural, or cultivated?"

SCENE: The Drawing-room.

The gentlemen have joined the ladies, and the talk flows on smoothly. The door is opened, and on the threshold appears the rigid figure of the butler, bearing a tray on which a white satin slipper (surely a number five!) rests conspicuously. Tableau.

SCENE: Miss Ashhurst's Home.

Time: Midnight.

Mrs. Ashhurst (comforting a weeping figure): "Don't cry, Marian. The first plunge is always the coldest."

Miss Ashhurst (between sobs): "Oh—mummie—is there—are there—any biscuits—in—the house?"

CURTAIN.

E. R.



A Composite Photograph.

I TOAST the American Girl,
And here's to her lasting fame;
With a Mobile face, Chicago feet,
And Augusta for her name.

Her walk is a Golden Gate;
On Wheeling her mind is bent;
And we feel when we look on her charms
By Providence she is sent.

McLandburgh Wilson.

Lucy Mary: A Tract for Prigs.

LUCY MARY'S elbows expressed righteousness, her walk conscious worth, and her face wore a sort of a "I'm your good girl, ain't I, mamma?" expression that was

the admiration of the neighborhood. To her frequent appeals for confirmation on the subject of her excellencies, her mother, instead of answering, "Yes, but I'd rather see you bad as Jezebel and tough as Pinkley Alley than a self-righteous, self-sufficient little prig on an eternal pose," would duly reply, "Yes, my darling, you are a very good girl, indeed!" And Lucy Mary would stiffen her small mouth and thank the Lord she was not as other little girls, who soiled frocks and stuck out tongues.

One day Lucy Mary went to visit in the fifth story of a hotel. Six very naughty children lived there, and it was thought that an hour or so of Lucy Mary would make them better.

"I wouldn't like it if they said bad words and pulled hair, would I, mamma?" said Lucy Mary.

"Oh! if mine were only like that!" sighed the mother of the naughty six.

So Lucy Mary went into the nursery to use her influence. When two of the children quarreled over a red gumbdrop—one of the sugary kind, with a thumb-hole in the bottom—she took it away and ate it herself, so that there should be no more disputing. When the older ones began to play heads and tails with pennies, she told them it was wicked gambling, and put the pennies in her own pocket, just to lead them out of temptation. If anyone started to cry, she whispered that the devil put red hot pebbles in all the mouths he found wide open, and as you can't cry with any comfort when your mouth is tight shut, they unanimously postponed their grief. And the parents in the next room said, "How good the children have grown already," and thanked Lucy Mary's mother with tears in their eyes.

Looking on a shelf to see if there were any more red gumbdrops which might rouse

future discord, Lucy Mary found a box of matches.

"You must put them back," said the oldest girl. "We're not allowed to play with matches."

"It is very wrong to play with matches. I wouldn't do such a thing," said Lucy Mary. "It isn't playing, though, to light a newspaper and hold it up the chimney, and it's very interesting." Soon all the children were holding burning newspapers up the chimney, or frisking around the room with them.

"You mustn't jump, for that's playing," warned Lucy Mary. "We are forbidden to do that, you know." So they tiptoed softly, and talked in whispers.

All at once Lucy Mary saw that the room was on fire.

"It isn't ladylike to scream," she said to herself. "Mamma says you oughtn't to notice people's furniture and things, anyway. And it isn't nice to stay too long at a first call, so I'd better go home."

She opened the door very quietly, but the fire had crept out ahead of her, and the stairs were blazing. At that moment the parents rushed in.

"I told them it was wrong to play with fire," said Lucy Mary. "I wouldn't do such a thing, would I, mamma?"

"No, my darling, not more than once," said her mother.

The flames could not be checked, so the windows were opened and the children were thrown out, one by one, into blankets that



"YES, MADAME; CERTAINLY. ANYTHING ELSE?
WE HAVE A NICE LINE OF MEN'S —"

people held up from beneath. All except Lucy Mary.

It was decided that she was too good to be thrown.

So they left her there.

The moral of this is that the good die young.

Juliet Wilbur Tompkins.

FOR women and ideas dress is everything.

A Painful Dilemma.

MISS DAZZI: I'm afraid you must think me very unconventional, Mr. Tharper. Tell me honestly now.

MR. THARPER: Please excuse me, Miss Dazzi; you know only children and fools tell the truth.

"But *you* are no longer a child."

A DOG and a man bark loudest at home.



His Sacrifice.
A RECTANGULAR, solid, bepapered and somewhat consequential package rested comfortably on the table in the hall of the Twickenham household. A quiet atmosphere of eminent respectability hovered around it. No business announcement nor printed type

"but for six months now you have not stepped inside of a church with me. I could mention other husbands who, while they may be inwardly as indifferent as you to their own spiritual requirements, at least love and respect their wives enough to give up a little of their own time for the sake of appearances, if for nothing more. It is seldom, indeed, that I ask you to make any sacrifice for my sake, but Easter Sunday is one of the Sundays in all the year when we should go to church. I am so glad that your clothes have come, for you cannot plead that as an excuse. Dear, please say that you will oblige me this once."

"My darling," replied her husband, warily, a slight shade of suppressed excitement visible in his tone, "you do not, I am sure, fully realize what you ask. I appreciate, however, all that you have said, and I will go to church with you on Easter Sunday, on one condition."

"And what is that?" his wife asked, eagerly.

"I will go," said Twickenham, as he cut the string of his package, opened the box, and held up to view his beautiful new bicycle suit, "if it rains."

The Soul of Honor.

"MY cook has been with me three days."

"Is she as good as you expected?"

"Better. She has promised to stay her week out."

THE proper study of womankind is the looking-glass.

R. STANLAWS



UNDERWEAR."



Longings.

I'D love to glide upon the ocean,
Had I a yacht of steam.
Of such expensive locomotion
Is what I fondly dream.

I'd love to own a stud of horses—
A thoroughbred, each one—
And round and round the swift race-courses
I'd love to see them run.

I'd love ten mansions for abiding
Within, where'er I roam:
Thus incidentally providing
My servants with a home.

I'd love to have a paltry hundred
Millions, more or less:
Enough, when Uncle Sam has blundered,
To fleece him in distress.

But one thing more is there presented,
To which my fancy clings:
I'd love to have a mind contented,
In spite of all these things.

Tom Masson.

A Good Record.

BRIGGS: Was the Boston girl pleased when you proposed?

GRIGGS: Immensely. She said that in twenty minutes' straight talk I didn't make one grammatical error.

vulgarized its exterior, the simple name and address, written in blue-black ink, indicating to the experienced eye that this must be the product of some well-entrenched and exclusive establishment, far beyond the cheap necessity of extraneous advertisement.

Mrs. Twickenham was in his dressing-room as Twickenham brought it upstairs, and turned her face upward that he might kiss her. They had been married a decade. The kiss that Twickenham gave his wife was, therefore, ten years old, slightly worn at the edges, moulded by time into a fixed form, tempered by exposure to domestic elements, and constant as the law of mechanics.

"My dear," said Mrs. Twickenham, "I want you to go to church with me next Sunday. It is Easter, you know."

Twickenham was silent. Experience had taught him that in a diplomatic crisis it was better to allow the other side all the hempen limit of argument.

"You may not realize it," continued his wife,



"SAY, YOUNG FELLEY, DAT'S A BIG RUM-BLOSSOM FER A KID IN SHORT PANTS!"

Athletics and Esthetics.



HE rude exercises called Athletics are popular in all educational institutions, and successful in some.

Cricket obtains high favor in Philadelphia, because it seems to unite the dignified and ceremonious solemnity of a church procession with the maddening excitement of a pink tea. Its English origin gives it a certain vogue at

Cambridge. Golf appears to have filled the aching void made by the decadence of that enthralling sport, croquet, though its scenic effects, stockings and stage settings are more entrancing. The students and professors of golf—for the game has a ritual and a language—are sometimes called dead-game sports, possibly as a tender tribute to the game it superseded. Golf and a glossary add much interest to the exploration of Barrie and Maclaren.

Baseball is popular even with the rude masses—who are not in colleges. The opportunities it affords for public opprobrium, the grace, culture and persiflage of the players, and the occasional annihilation of the judges of the supreme court of the game—the umpires—endear the game to the great heart of the American people. And the open season of the game is at a time when we are neither engaged in saving our country nor in fabricating fish fiction.

But these games are, after all, mere recreations, that lack the refining influences of society's full recognition. Pugilism was at one time numbered among the gentle arts; but since the pen became mightier than the boxing-glove, and the lung more potent than the upper-cut, pugilism has been relegated to the rostrum and the Sunday press. When we seek a fine mingling of athletics and intellectuality, a rich compound of gore and brains and hair, a function appealing to our higher and better natures, we must look for it in football.

Football derives its name from the fact that it is played largely with the hands, the feet being utilized to kick the fellows on the other side. The game is one of the most important branches of study at our universities, the star students receiving the honors and applause customarily lavished on soubrettes, prize-fighters, and other metropolitan dignitaries. It has a literature and art of its own, and writers of the football school in the American press take rank with the classic R. Hardong Davee. The position of captain of a football team is one of impressive dignity; he may condescend to recognize a college president only by imperiling his social rank; he lives in an atmosphere of glory, admired of man, worshipped of women, hated and dreaded by his only rival—the beautiful, Kelceyized stage lover. When the captain stalks into the field, arrayed in armor and leggings of soiled canvas, his flashing nostrils concealed beneath an India-rubber nose-guard; when he stands with folded arms and tossing ringlets, spurning the earth with his large, intellectual feet and glaring at the brass band, shouts thrill the trembling air, single ladies faint from excess of emotion, and the snorting freshman exclaims, with Ovid: "Ain't he a corker?"

As the reputation of a university for

The Ruling Passion.

I WATCHED the great parade go by
With glitter, tramp and blare;
The people cheered it lustily
And flung their hats in air;
But at my side, a lad and lass
Looked in each other's eyes
And let the world, unheeded, pass
Their mutual paradise.

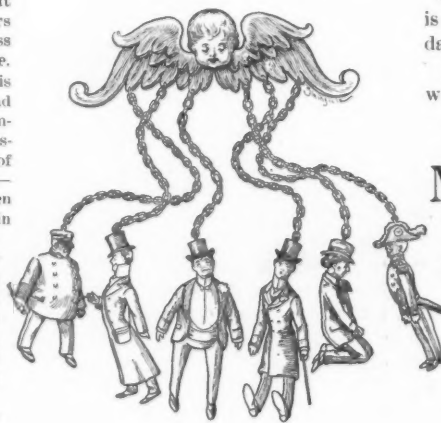
What did they care for flags and drums?
The passing show is naught
To hearts where Love, triumphant, comes
And claims each wish and thought.
I smiled to think how countless pairs
From Adam's day to this
Had viewed earth's crises unawares,
Wrapped in unheeding bliss.

How many couples, without doubt,
Saw Noah build the ark
And heard him give the reason out,
Yet never paused to hark?
Lovers strolled by, oblivious,
While Babel's bricks were laid,
And lovers wondered at the fuss
Cesar and Pompey made.

Doubtless, when brave Columbus sprang
Upon the New World's strand,
A pair of lovers were among
The group that saw him land;
Martyrs have marched to fire and death,
Kingdoms and peoples passed
The careless eyes of love beneath—
Careless from first to last!

History wears a splendid state,
Fame glitters in her pride,
Ambition sweeps through Mammon's gate,
But Love smiles, satisfied
To see how lovers, everywhere,
Ignore the passing show,
From the first blind, enraptured pair
Till the last trump shall blow!

Priscilla Leonard.



scholarship and learning lies in the hollow of the hands of these hairy heroes, wisdom demands that their selection shall be marked with care and discretion. Different methods obtain in different colleges. At Yale and Princeton—where rude, provincial American ideas survive—muscles, legs, heads of thickness and endurance, and hair of tropical copiousness are the tests. Harvard, with nicer discrimination, selects her favors for football with the same point of view as for the german. The members of her team must have names current in Beacon Street and Commonwealth Avenue; they must be equipped with the grips and passwords of a dozen alphabetical societies, and be refined and ladylike in demeanor. These are the essentials in all civilized communities; muscle and the things common to the rural student are mere incidentals. If any wretch, in a thoughtless moment of petulance, were sacrilegious enough to aver that McSorley's legs were more potent in the ball-field than the sonorous and awe-inspiring name of Quincy Otis Brimmer, he would probably be hurried to the Soldiers' Field and shot. Yale and Princeton rudely ignore these things, and in consequence their methods are highly disapproved of by the best people of Harvard and its suburb, Boston. These uncultured football fellows kick, thump, chew, slug, rush, assault and howl in a most rude and vulgar fashion: their method would not be tolerated in the reading-room of the Somerset Club, nor countenanced in any Back Bay drawing-room. It may, of course, excite chagrin and dissatisfaction to lose games year in and year out, but Harvard has the proud solace of knowing that it does so with dignity, and in accordance with the canons of polite society.

The lofty spirit of Cambridge will not much longer brook the rude—we may say bandit-like—conduct of the colleges it has heretofore condescended to play with. It is within the possibilities that, if a reform is not quickly inaugurated, Yale, Princeton and other insolently victorious colleges may be dropped from its football exchange list, and Vassar, Wellesley and Smith substituted. The worm will turn.

Joseph Smith.

A Careful Boy.

UNCLE WILLIAM (who weighs two hundred and fifty): Well, Bob, is the ice thick enough to skate on to-day?

BOBBY: I don't know. That's why we want you to go with us and find out.

Knew Their Business.

MRS. TWICKENHAM: Do you know, the burglars didn't touch the family plate.

MRS. BLANKINGTON: They must have been experts.

HE: I swear to you that I shall not leave this house until I take a kiss.

SHE: Kiss me quick.



Two Loves Have I.

TWO loves have I. The one doth stand
Before me, face to face;
Red roses blossom in his hand;
Most rare his grace.

Forever through his sun-kissed hair
The vagrant zephyrs play;
So bright this love, so debonair,
Who says him nay?

And year by year some gift he brings,
Knowledge, or joy, or fame;
While wond'rous is the song he sings.
Behold, his name

Is Life. Oh! all my heart to him
Goes out, and we are one!
Yet, when the earth grows shadow-dim,
At set of sun,

Another, stronger face I see,
'Neath locks of lustrous jet;
Eyes dark with holy mystery
Unfathomed yet.

This other love doth stand apart,
Where wav'ring shadows fall,
Yet I will give him all my heart
When he shall call.

The sweetest song that Life can sing
Shall seem but wasted breath,
When I have that which thou shalt bring,
Belovéd Death!

Geraldine Meyrick.



A Case for the Courts.

"ARE these your tickets?"
"Yes," said Dimpleton, examining them.

"They are not good," said the conductor.

It was 9:30 a. m. on the Wagner car that left Cleveland at 8:30, and it was the last day of the Dimpleton wedding trip. Dimpleton had bought his railroad tickets at the station in Cleveland the night before, and on entering the train had handed them to the parlor-car conductor to give to the train conductor, in order to avoid further annoyance. It was this individual who now confronted him.

"What's the matter with them?"

"They are not stamped."

"That's not my fault. If the ticket agent failed to stamp them, it's the company's negligence."

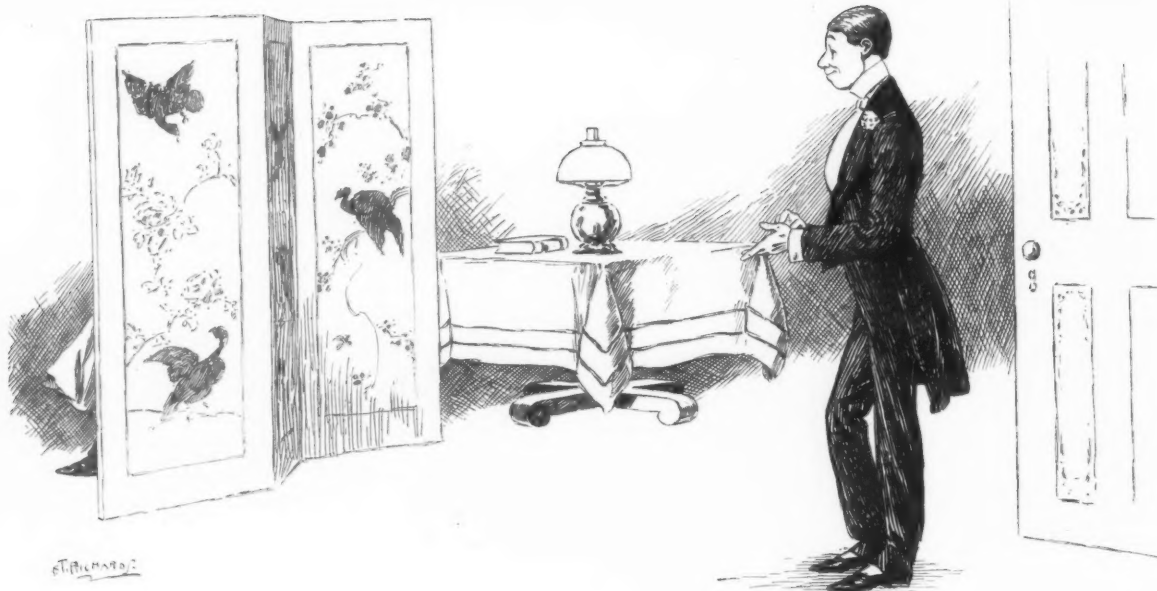
"I can't help that, sir. You will either have to pay your fare to New York or get off at the next station. Those are my orders."

That morning, after paying his bill, Dimpleton had seated himself in a remote corner of the hotel office, and counted up the sum of six dollars and eighty-nine cents, the amount that was left in his pocket to see him and his bride into the Greater New York. This would be enough, said Dimpleton to himself, allowing for two moderate luncheons, two moderate dinners, the incidentals, and the cab-fare home. With the consciousness of these facts, and suddenly confronted by an unforeseen dilemma, Dimpleton's pulse promptly rose to thirty points above par, and his heart sank to six eighty-nine. It was necessary for him, however, to assume a bold front. The passengers were becoming interested, and Mrs. Dimpleton's indignant glance at the conductor, and her confident glance at him, made this imperative.

"I'll do nothing of the sort!" he said, with a rising voice.

"Do pay him, dear," said Mrs. Dimpleton, laying her hand appealingly on his arm. "You can make them pay you back, I am sure, when the facts are ascertained."

"Certainly," said the conductor. "The company will telegraph on to the agent at Cleveland, and your money will be refunded. I have no doubt, of course,



"ER—AHM!—I—"

that it is all right, but I have no authority to act, and it would cost me my place to accept those tickets."

Dimpleton looked up and down the car at the line of faces, and promptly rose to his feet.

"No, sir!" he shouted. "Give me back those tickets and put us off, and be hanged to you! I can stand it if you can. You'll have the prettiest suit on your hands you have had in a long time."

At this point the man in the next section spoke.

"I admire your pluck, sir, and I believe you have a good case. But it isn't necessary for you to leave the train. Pay your fare over again, keep the tickets, and I shall be glad to be a witness to the transaction. I have suffered myself at the hands of this company," and he handed out his card.

"Do," said Mrs. Dimpleton.

"Never!" replied her indignant husband. "You are very kind, sir, but I'm going to make a sure thing of it. I am longing to be put off this train at the next station, and I am going to be."

Thus it happened that an excited groom and a despondent bride stood on the platform at Buffalo, and saw their train roll out of the station.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Dimpleton, as she sank down into a seat in the waiting-room. "This is dreadful! I did so want to get home to-night, and you know they expected us. What are you going to do now?"

"Do?" said Dimpleton. "The first thing I am going to do is to telegraph on to the office for money."

"Money!"

Dimpleton smiled feebly. "Yes, dear," he said. "I may as well confess. The fact is, I spent more than I expected to on this trip, and had only just enough left to get home with. I wouldn't have thought of getting off that train if it hadn't been for this."

Mrs. Dimpleton looked at him rather hopelessly for a moment, and then her face flushed with surprise.

She was experiencing that first indignation, that first sudden ebb of confidence in her husband, which usually comes to every woman some time within three weeks after the ceremony.

"My dear," she said, with a strong effort at control, "you might have informed me of this before. It seemed *quite* unnecessary for me to tell you, but before we left, papa was thoughtful enough to put a hundred-dollar bill in my purse."

Alike.

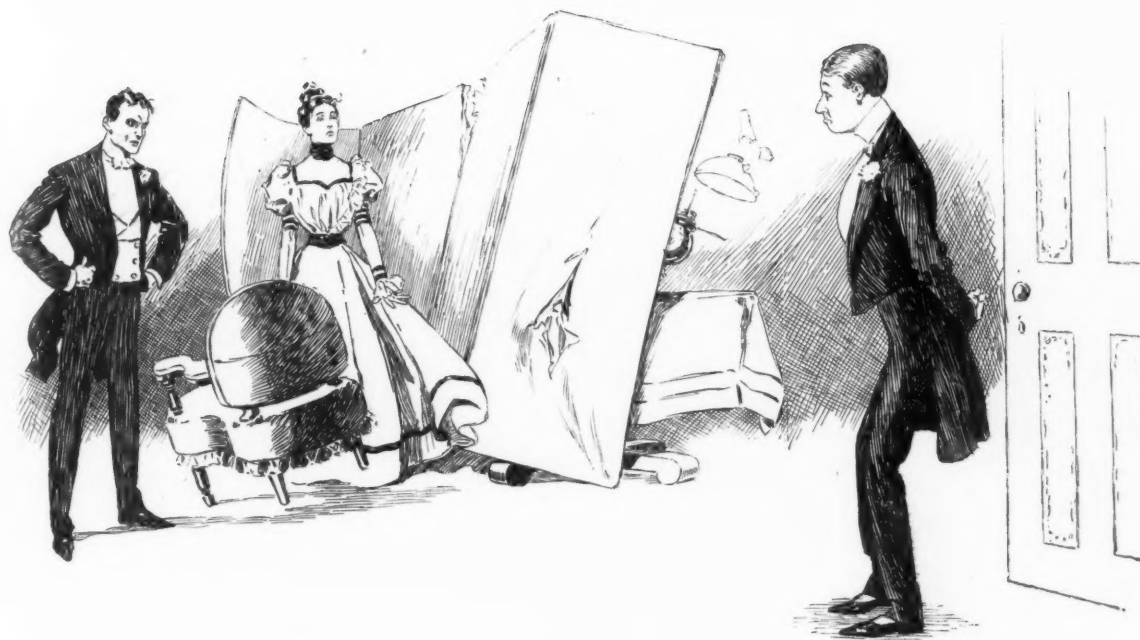
EDITH: I told Mr. Converse the other night that I resembled him in one respect.

CLARE: What was that?

"That I always enjoyed hearing him talk."



HER EASTER PRESENT



BEG PARDON."

The Klondike Department Store



ILL be opened permanently next Tuesday morning. Special Marked Down Sale from 6 to 6. What do you want? Nothing? Go to the Alaskan Klondike. Everything? COME TO US! WE HAVE IT!

A Few of Our Exclusive Features.

Four Mammoth Floors, containing:

FIRST FLOOR: In daily attendance, five lady members of the "Four Hundred," who can be met free of charge in our vast parlors.

Every evening a Cotillion, led by the swellest young men of Greater New York, in our unrivaled ballroom.

Silk Umbrellas, worth \$10, for \$3.81. Will be loaned for six months on trial, without charge.

Operating Room at rear, with best surgeons in attendance. Vermiform appendix removed without cost to all purchasers of one dollar's worth of goods.

The Klondike Stables, fully equipped with finest roadsters, for sale or to let. Tooling taught by the prize-winner at the recent Horse Show.

All on Our First Floor.

SECOND FLOOR: The only indoor Golf Links in the world. Eighteen-hole course. Caddies guaranteed and instruction free.

Ladies' Sporting Goods in great variety. Red Waists, Coats and Sweaters to burn.

A splendid assortment of best Scotch Whiskies.

Dialect taught by a native Scotch American. Eiderdown Bath Robes and Jackets from \$1.92 to \$2.50, fitted.

Bagpipe Concert constantly going on. Dress Trimmings extraordinary at very low prices.

Gramophone Readings by Ian McBarrie, James M. Hootwatson, Davie McCrockett and other famous plaid authors, every hour.

All on Our Second Floor.

THIRD FLOOR: Mourning Goods. Funerals furnished from top to bottom, remains excepted.

Fine portrait of Hall Caine to every patron. Fine line of Jet Goods. Chapel at rear, with services daily by the Rev. Charles H. Central-parkhurst, Robert G. Injuresole, Sam Smith and others.

Unsurpassed lines of Satins, Silks and Velvets, at prices to suit purchaser.

Latest details of all murder trials by ticker. Everything to suit the most morbid taste.

By special arrangement with the Health Board, a private morgue at rear.

All on Our Third Floor.

FOURTH FLOOR: Household Supply Department. Slaughter House constantly going and open to guests at all hours.

Cooks a specialty, at all wages from \$6.50 to \$10,000; always on hand.

Butlers of imposing presence, with newspaper affiliations.

Enameled Kitchen Ware and Unbreakable China.

Branch office of the Ladies' Home Morning Journal.

Readings from their own recipes by Mrs. Corker and Marion Hamlin Garlan, at 11, 2 and 5.

Pies made while you wait.

All on Our Fourth Floor.

Come and Be Convinced that THE KLONDIKE is Great. We own the Earth.

A Tit-Bit for the Editor.

EDITOR (icily): Young woman, what made you think you could get your poetry into our magazine?

YOUNG WOMAN (blithely): Why—my cousin does; and he's such a fool.

AS a friend a woman wants to be proud of you; a man wants you to be proud of him.

THERE is nothing like the consciousness of high principle to enable a man to be niggardly.

JASPAR: I tell you, my boy is right up-to-date.

JUMPUPPE: What has he been doing now?

"Last night he cried himself to sleep because I wouldn't promise to get him a horseless hobby-horse."

As Far As We Get.

CATTERSON: Have you found out how to manage your wife yet?

HATTERSON: No. I'm trying to reconcile myself to letting her manage me.



Easter.

THERE are great merits about Easter as an annual feast-day. For one thing, it is easy, and not overburdened with material observances. It has some of the joyousness of Christmas about it, without any drawbacks in the way of miscellaneous gift-giving and laborious provision of gayeties. What Easter says to us is: "Put on your best clothes, think your best thoughts, and come out and be as good and as happy as you can. The Lord of Christendom is risen; the spring is coming back; life begins again in the fields and parks and gardens. Let us be grateful to our Maker for life; let us rejoice in the present all we honestly can, and take as hopeful a view of the future as common sense permits."

These are pleasant thoughts that Easter offers to the hospitality of our minds. By all means let us harbor them. We ought to be pious-minded all the year round, but especially at Easter. Now, as the buds begin to swell and the grass to be green again, we see everywhere work being done for us, in which, to be sure, we may have a hand, but of which by far the greater part is independent of our efforts. We may cut the grass and trim its borders, but we don't

really make it grow. We may trim the trees and dig about their roots, but the buds don't swell because of us. They will swell, anyway, and the most our interposition may accomplish will be to make things progress a little more to our taste, and in somewhat better accord with our convenience.

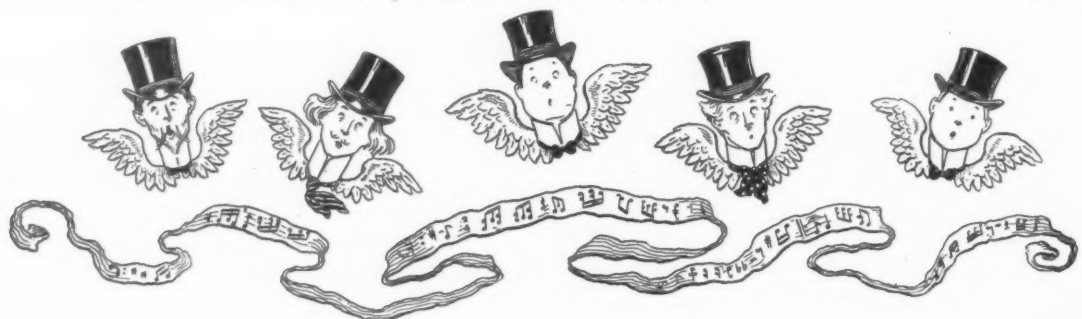
There is comfort for us in these considerations. When we have taken thought overmuch about the shortcomings of mankind, it is surely a solace to remember that, after all, the things that are most indispensably important to human life are more or less independent of the labor and management of human beings. The good Lord has not put upon us the whole responsibility of regulating even the little corners of the universe that we dwell in. The earth revolves, the sun rises and sets, the seasons recur, things grow, fire burns, and the rains fall upon the earth, without any care or planning on our part. Our dwelling-place is provided; all we have to do is to make ourselves fit to live in it.

Come! brethren, come! Let us renew our hopes, and resolve afresh to live more fully up to our environment and our chances. It is a world of such delightful possibilities! It is so fair to look at;

it smells so sweet; its airs, as the spring gets into them, are so gentle and reassuring! Let us hope again that mankind is growing fitter to adorn so admirable a setting; that grace abounds somewhat more from year to year; that the nations progress in appreciation of the foolishness of wars; and that individual humans, like you and me, grow more and more practical in our realization that we must be good if we would hope to be happy, and that we are all so interdependent that the goodness and happiness of all is the personal concern of each. We who are here—who don't know where we came from; who go, who knows where to—what more do we know than that this is our chance at Earth; our chance to adorn creation; our chance to prove that we are in some measure fit to live here, and suited, perhaps, to be eventually transplanted?

Out, then, in our best gear, and in our best and gentlest spirits, in honor of the day of risen hopes; mindful that the world is good, and happy in adorning it; but mindful, too, that no world can really be good except for good people—for men who are faithful, for women who are kind, for true people who are fit to live.

E. S. M.





WILL HE DO IT?

Ballade of the Elect.



WE may claim the Right of the Tabouret
In the pompous Court of the Golden
Haze;
With the King may chat in the ways that fret
The plebeians who from afar must gaze;
'Gainst the rabble-rout we may drawbridge
raise,
And deride the mob from our parapet;
But despite the hauteur our pride displays,
We're Philistines all to some other set.

We can scan our record without regret,
And, indeed, we only can speak in praise
Of the care and skill we have used to get
To our present place through the worldly
maze;
We may pride ourselves on our cultured
ways,
On our proper form and refinement, yet
In our heart of hearts is a voice that says
We're Philistines all to some other set.

The muezzin calls from the minaret,
And the devotee most devoutly prays
For continued grace to pay Culture's debt—
And each wonders just what his neighbor pays;
But the while we whisper in prayerful phrase,
We can feel the glare of the raised lorgnette
And the eyes that stare with a look that slays—
We're Philistines all to some other set.

L'ENVOI.

Princess, you look with a downward gaze
On a petty world; but pray don't forget,
To the moment's victor who wears the bays,
Both you and we are Philistines yet.

Wood Levette Wilson.

A Long Way.

"IT'S wonderful how far money can go. I put five
thousand dollars into a mine three years since."
"It has gone far, has it?"
"It hasn't touched bottom yet."



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WHEN YOU ARE BORN
FIVE WAYS OF EXPRESSING IT

LIFE •



YOU ARE BORED.
OF EXPRESSING IT.



LADIES CHANGE !

Her Plea for Membership.

FAIR Phyllis owns no family-tree
With spreading branches, fondly cherished;
She boasts no fighting ancestry
Who on the field of battle perished.

She claims kin with no "honored son,"
No revered great-great-relation
Was aide-de-camp to Washington,
Or signed the famous Declaration.

She knows not if her mother-tongue
Was spoken in Calais or Dover;
She cannot tell from whence she sprung,
She's not aware when she "came over."

No musty records grace her shelf
Of men who made their epochs noted;
Whole "centuries" she's made herself,
And to her "cycle" she's devoted.

She orders not, to wear with pride,
A spinning-wheel with jewels mounted;
She mounts her own, away to ride
O'er hill and dale for miles uncounted.

And so, although to history
Her past has made no contributions,
Yet she a daughter claims to be
Of very many revolutions.

Jennie Betts Hartwick.



MR. O'HOOIHAN: Shure thot dog should
be able to schwim in very shally wather,
so he ought.

MR. McCUNE: He do thot, Mr. O'Hoolihan.
Shure I have seen him schwim in wather thot
shally thot he couldn't touch bottom till he got up
on the dhry land.

A Matter of Importance.

"NO," said the statesman, "I've no time to
talk about politics."

"But, my dear sir," said the reporter, "I haven't
said anything about politics. I want to interview
you about favorite drinks in your native State."

"Oh, well, go ahead. I'm always ready to talk
about important matters."

THE devil gets considerable help from his
enemies.

Perversity.

NODD: I find it cheaper to send my family
away in the summer than to keep them
at home, but don't mention it.

TODD: Why not?

"If my wife found it out she wouldn't want to
go."

Some Letters of Introduction.

FROM A FIANCÉE.

TO ALL PLUTOCRATS UNMARRIED: Miss Sadie Simper, who carries this letter, is a young and beautiful girl to whom I have been engaged for the past year. Her only reason for leaving me is my present lack of cash. She takes with her a diamond ring of the first water and a lifelong regret. She both reads and speaks table d'hôte French, has a capacity of four pounds of candy in three hours, can repeat the name and present address of every actor and actress in the United States and foreign countries, screams readily when kissed beyond earshot, eats and drinks when spoken to, and has many other qualities too numerous to mention. I can cordially recommend her to any man with an income of eight million dollars a year.
(Signed) TEDDY SLOPER.

FROM A COOK.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: The bearer of this, Mrs. Jones von Jones, has been my employer for the last two weeks, and I have found her in every respect satisfactory. She has an amiable disposition, is willing and obliging, is thoroughly familiar with housework in all its branches, keeps her piano in tune, pays any wages desired, and is honest and industrious. She rarely has any company, and stays in nights. My only reason for leaving her is on account of her sudden illness, due to overwork, and the presence of a trained nurse in the house. I can recommend her in every way.
(Signed) BRIDGET O'HOOIHAN.

FROM A FATHER.

TO ALL LORDS, DUKES, EARLS, AND OTHER NOBLEMEN: This will introduce my daughter Daisy, who is taking a trip abroad with her mother while I stay at home and watch the stock market. As will be noticed at a glance, she is very beautiful, has a lovely disposition, and is in every respect a pure, delightful, high-strung American girl. She will have a large fortune at my death, and beforehand terms will be made to suit all contracting parties. I write this at the earnest request of her mother, who desires to leave no stone unturned to advance our social position.
(Signed) A. B. KLONDYKE.

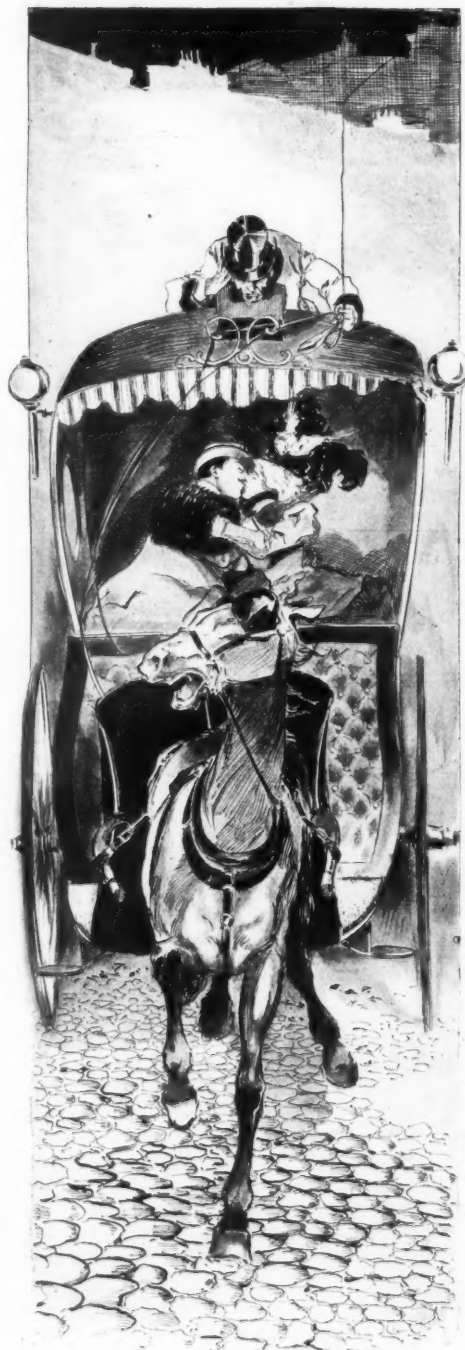
P. S. See *Bradstreet's*.

FROM A PATIENT.

TO ALL: The bearer of this, Dr. Slashem Probe, has been practicing in this town for several years past, and desires to settle in a new locality where there is more opportunity for a man of social ambitions. I, as the sole survivor of a long race, can truthfully recommend him as a desirable addition to any community where the quality of the population is more important than the quantity. He makes a specialty of surgery, and his collection of appendixes, many of them with uncut edges, is said to be one of the finest in the country. He is very fond of operations of all kinds, and prefers this treatment to the free use of water and open air. The people who have died under his knife have only themselves to blame, as in almost every instance it has been because they squirmed at the wrong moment. He is a great lover of animals, and keeps a supply of dogs and rabbits constantly on hand. I would write more, but I am suffering from an old wound.
(Signed) A. CRUTCHES.

FROM ONE WHO KNOWS THE BEARER.

TO THE CITIZENS OF ANY TOWN: The bearer of this note, Mr. Anthony Comstock, is about to visit your city on pleasure, being anxious to add to his already extremely large collection of pictures, books and statuary. Anything you can do to keep him with you for an indefinite length of time will be cordially appreciated. This is not intended as a general letter of introduction to your families, but only as a matter of business.
(Signed) A NEW YORKER.

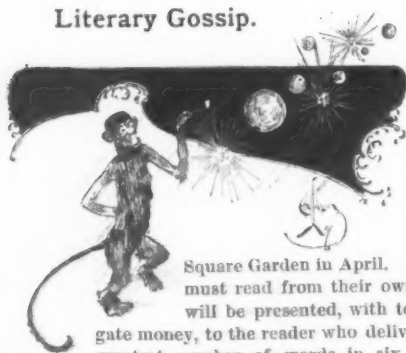


"SAY! IF YOUSE DON'T STOP YER KISSIN' THAT HORSE'LL TINK I'M DOING THE SMACKING, AND THERE WILL BE A RUNAWAY!"



314.
Mayer

Literary Gossip.



A POPULAR patron of sport, living in Kansas City, has offered a handsome belt for a six days go-as-you-please international reading match, to be held at the Madison Square Garden in April. Authors who enter must read from their own works. The belt will be presented, with ten per cent. of the gate money, to the reader who delivers himself of the greatest number of words in six consecutive days. Among the entries already received are those of Hall Caine, the Manx Wizard; "Marry" Crawford, who holds the world's record for the forty-eight-hour word match; "Coney" Doyle, the Ferret, and a dark horse from Philadelphia, who may or may not be the popular "Dicky" Davis, who has already become a familiar figure to the *habitués* of the Garden. The contest bids fair to be a most exciting one, and as a test of endurance it must rival any exhibition ever held in any garden anywhere, from Eden to Madison Square.

Certain American authors, who read publicly from their own writings, having made representations to the Treasury Department that Major Pond has paid no duty on Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins, it is highly probable that Mr. Hawkins will be confiscated by the government under the smuggling act, and placed in bond until such a time as he may be auctioned off to the highest bidder.

* * *

MR. EDGAR FAWCETT having publicly expressed his disapproval of the writings of Robert Louis Stevenson, the publishers of the latter's works have decided to withdraw all of Mr. Stevenson's books from the market and to destroy the plates. Arrangements are being made by means of which all unfilled orders for Mr. Stevenson's volumes will be filled with large paper copies of Mr. Fawcett's "Buntling Ball," bound in crushed calf.

We learn with very deep regret that a careless servant in the employ of Mr. Hall Caine recently sold seven barrelsful of that gentleman's notes for his new book, "The Magoozalum," to a traveling junk-dealer. This act is only paralleled by the destruction by fire of Carlyle's original manuscript of the French Revolution. Mr. Caine has employed those two astute detective authors, Dr. Doyle and Mr. Fergus Hume, to endeavor to recover as many of the lost notes as may still be in existence.

Owing to the intense drudgery of writing a novel, the venerable George Meredith, on and after May 1st, will write under a new system of his own devising. Instead of writing his novels backward, as has been his wont, he will begin in the middle and work both ways at once, having recently become ambidextrous. We shall watch the outcome with interest.

* * *

ARUMOR has reached us from Philadelphia that, beginning with his fiscal year of '99, Mr. E. W. Bok will exclude all three-named authors from his list of contributors. We have expected this for a long time. In these days, when authors ask so much per word for their writings, charging up from fifteen to twenty cents for each single word in their names, it is estimated that Mr. Bok

Always Beans.

A TALE OF A TROPICAL ISLAND.



will save four hundred and fifteen thousand dollars a year on signatures alone. What a pity that, through their vanity, our triple-plate writers should have killed the goose that laid such Klondikean eggs!

Late gossip from London tells us that Mr. Henry James is about to make a tour of the world. We are assured that this famous author is in the best of health, hence his trip is not, as we had at first feared, in search of vigor. It is more than likely that this most conscientious of our authors is off in search of a word.

* * *



RICHARD LE GALLIENNE'S new volume of poems, attractively named "If I Were Fitzsimmons," will be limited to an edition of one copy, to be publicly presented, with due ceremony, by Sir Walter Besant to the author himself.

We cannot vouch for the truth of the statement recently made to us, that Mr. Marion Crawford is prostrated by the fact that of the twelve hundred volumes put forth by the publishers of the United States last autumn, he was himself the author of but half of them. In any event, we hope it is not true. Mr. Crawford has done much for the world, not only from the fictional, but from the sociological point of view. He has given work to the unemployed in great measure, and we should be sorry to hear, for more reasons than one, that anything was amiss with him. After all, it is no disgrace that one should have written no more than six hundred volumes in a single year. In the whole history of letters there have been few authors who have produced as many as two books a day, and we trust that Mr. Crawford, noting this fact, will not refuse to be comforted.

* * *



YOUNG authors who meet with success are always interesting to the reading public. It gives us pleasure, therefore, to be able to record the fact that Mr. Stephen Crane never writes without a chameleon upon his desk. He first maps out his story, writes it simply, and then, with the aid of the chameleon, puts in his adjectives. It is a good plan, and we recommend it to the large number of writers of colorless fiction who are supplying us with our literary provender to-day. Mr. Crane feeds his chameleon on pigments which he mixes himself, and which, we are told, the amusing little creature devours with avidity. In this connection we wish to say that we have reason to believe that Mr. Crane has declined the offer of a certain "colored-cartoon" paper in New York to accept the position of Painter-in-Chief on its staff. We are also able to deny emphatically that this talented writer has accepted an offer from Major Pond of ten thousand dollars a week to give a series of readings in the South before exclusively colored audiences.

The success of young Mr. Tennyson's biography of his illus-



trious parent has, we understand, inspired the Dickens family to embark on new enterprises. We have heard much of late years about Dickens from his various children, but nothing that has as yet appeared will compare, we are sure, with the new book properly entitled "Pop!" which is soon to appear in one of our most popular magazines.

* * *

M. R. BUNSEY, the talented publisher-novelist, will not issue more than seven new weeklies during the coming year, and his monthly magazines will be limited to eighteen. His half-cent books, or two for a quarter, are going well—particularly the sample copies, for which there is a great demand. The only new ventures which Mr. Bunsey will undertake in '98 are the seven-cent Shakespeare, and the new edition of Milton, carefully edited by his staff, which will be placed on the market, bound in cloth, at the extremely low price of three for a cent. To make people laugh is always a worthy ambition, and we congratulate Mr. Bunsey upon his success. He is not a Mark Twain, of course. Nobody but Mark Twain is. But Grimaldi—the lamented—must be turning over in his grave like an electric fan as his spirit thinks of Mr. Bunsey's contributions to a laughter-loving world.

The Story on a Watteau Fan.

SHE was the fairest little shepherdess in the world—I should say out of the world, for the rose-tinted scene in which she stood could no more exist than her own ideal loveliness, or the impossible flower-decked sheep she was supposed to tend.

From the top of her beribboned crook to the tip of her tiny slipper she represented an artist's gay fantasy, lighted with just one touch of human longing in her lovely eyes.

I did not wonder at her companion's devotion as, side by side, they stood in their picture-world of light and color. A fitting mate, this shepherd, garbed in a fashion whose beauty yielded no point to mere utility.

The first sound I heard was the music of a lute, then the



DIOGENES, THE ORIGINAL TRAMP.

voice of the dainty shepherdess. "I am so tired of sunshine," she remarked; "is there nothing else?"

"Storms and clouds surround us," answered her lover, "but there is no gate for them into Arcadia. But look," he continued, "at the gifts the sun has given; at the trees, rich in a golden harvest."

"Yes," she said, "but bent to earth with their weight of fruit. In our world our feet grow weary on too smooth a path, while the very roses live unvalued, in that they cannot die. What care I for my sheep that never stray nor wander?"

"I understand," he murmured; "your want is to want for something. I, too, sigh over 'what is not,' because I cannot sigh over what is. In this land of love, even Love himself is not a King, because uncrowned with sorrow."

And thus these two seek, hand in hand, to cross the border of Arcadia into Life. Like willful mortals, unhappy in all gifts, because so few have been denied.

E. Scott O'Connor.

An Etching in Cut Glass.

DID you ever determine to save money by putting in any panes of glass that might happen to get broken in your residence—yourself? If you have, perhaps you would better not read this. It will only bring up bitter recollections that are best forgotten.

When I contracted the disease I immediately purchased a case of glass, five pounds of putty, and a cherry-handled glazier's knife with glistening nickel trimmings, all of which, I was effusively informed by the auburn-haired salesman, were absolutely necessary for my purpose.

"You ought to have a diamond as well," he even ventured to affirm; "all glaziers do."

I had previously been informed that only hotel clerks and dead-game sports required flashing gems, and I rather wondered at the comic writers having overlooked the window-pane surgeons; but I managed to restrain my eager longing for useless information, and poking him playfully in the lower vest-pocket with the point of my somewhat muddied umbrella, I retorted:

"I am but an amateur. If I were a pro-

fessional I should not only have one diamond, but a whole trunkful."

Somehow or other he seemed lamentably unconscious of the intended sarcasm of my speech, and my oratorical gesture with the umbrella created an immediate misunderstanding between us.

After I had laid enough collateral upon the counter to cover the damage which he claimed I had inflicted upon his timepiece, he somewhat reluctantly consented to release his grasp of my throat and foot, and I hurried away in order to keep an important engagement elsewhere. In due season the goods arrived, and I fairly gloated over the imposing array they made when spread out in one corner of the cellar.

Then occurred a most astounding series of phenomena. For five long months not a single pane of glass was shattered in our residence, where heretofore the average had been at least two per week.

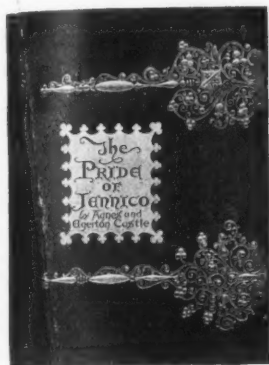
Each evening I would hasten my footsteps homeward, cheered by the thought that perhaps at last an opportunity had arrived to exploit that iridescent putty-knife; but time after time, upon meeting my other half at the door, I was fated to

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A ROMANTIC HISTORY

AN EPISODE

BY
Winston Churchill

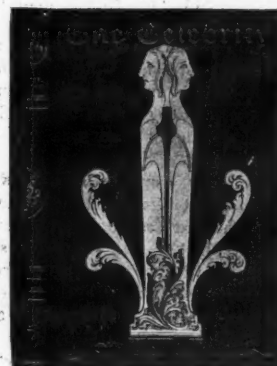
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About a month ago the University of the State of New York invited the librarians of the State to an expression of opinion as to the 50 best books of 1897. In the list reported were 17 works of fiction, among which, and within the first half of the list, were named all three of these novels.

The Macmillan Company, 66 Fifth Avenue, New York.

realize, by the assumed expression of joy upon her fair brow, that I was still to be doomed to disappointment. At last human nature could withstand the strain no longer, and I secretly commenced to plan how I could kick in the cellar sash without being detected. All unknown to me, however, my wife's brain was working along the same lines, and, moreover, she was several million points ahead of me, in having enlisted the aid of our next door neighbor's little boy.

Orlando's parents and teachers had for several years been impressing upon him the necessity of being thorough in everything he undertook, and I am perfectly willing to go the youthful cherub's bail for an unlimited amount that, in this instance at least, he did honor to their precepts.

There was not a euvre hand of whole panes left in the house when I arrived upon the scene, and in his youthful exuberance and hitherto unsuspected muscularity, he had sent the missiles in far greater quantity and with considerably more force than a strict regard to the exact letter of his instructions allowed, and the disablement of the servant girl and demolition of other bric-a-brac was simply beyond description. This wholesale destruction was some what more than either my wife or myself had bargained for, but, confident in my own powers and the supply of raw material lying idle in the cellar, I woke up bright and early next morning and determined to spend the whole day if necessary upon my mammoth glazing contract. Resolving to do the job in a systematic manner, I armed myself with a crowbar, a silver fruit-knife, the meat axe, and a comfortable easy-chair, and commenced to clear away the debris. To the before-mentioned equipment I almost immediately added some sheets of court-plaster, a pair of crutches, some linen bandages, and a copy of "Smith's Pocket Guide to Non-Profane Ejaculation." But with the firm resolve to conquer or die, I held steadily on, in spite of bruises and bloodshed.

When I came to break open the case (to the huge detriment of half its contents) I was somewhat dazed to find the glass all in large sheets, and not of assorted sizes to fit the panes. But I recalled that at school, in our physics class, we had been taught that glass could be cut with a pair of scissors if placed under water. I couldn't have got the details of the game down fine enough in my boyhood days, however, for although my wife played the garden hose carefully over both the big sheet of glass and myself while I operated with her new dressmaking shears, the cutting part seemed to be more on me than the other fellow, and if I hadn't thrown the glass to the ground and jumped on it, both my hands would have been gnawed off.

While the doctor was dressing my various wounds the grocer's boy called for orders, and incidentally offered to take the glass to a store and have it cut up the way I wanted it for five dollars. With my brain full of thoughts of coming revenge, I made believe to reluctantly consent; but he brought it back in less than a half hour, and, as far as I could see, there was not a single drop of human blood upon it.

Late in the evening, when I came to actually put in the glass, I found that the putty, during its seclusion in the cellar, had relapsed into a state of petrification. This would have deterred men not accustomed to rely upon their intellects; but I sawed it into narrow strips, and by means of liquid cement managed to glue it down along the edges of the glass and sash. But the effect was far from artistic, and I figured that, allowing one twenty-five-cent bottle to each pane, the total expense for cement alone upon the job would not fall much below a hundred and ten dollars. As it was now long past midnight, and the hilarious joy of the day had somewhat fatigued me, I thought it well to stay my hand. It was somewhat uncanny to think of sleeping in a house without any sashes in

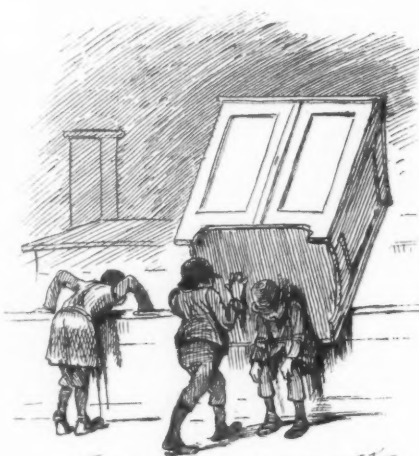
the windows, and added to this was the fact that a combined rain and windstorm called upon us in the early morning. We were compelled to seek shelter under the lilac bushes in our neighbor's garden.

I have always regretted that I was unable to personally finish what I had undertaken, but friends were coming to visit us in about three weeks, and I knew from what I had been through that it would take me somewhat longer than that meagre time.

I surreptitiously gave the emblazoned putty-knife to Orlando, who, I am rejoiced to see, is at this moment testing its scraping abilities upon the freshly-painted front of his paternal abode.

Percie W. Hart.

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Notice
The school is
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teacher's bluf.

A Disappointment.

BY ERNEST G. HENMAN.

OF course it would be a disappointment.

I had recently returned from abroad, and had been called upon by duty to journey down to the deserted village of Mayburn to pay proper respects to my aunt, and to make the acquaintance of the cousin who had just left school.

I had never seen her before, except perhaps as a baby, but I could picture her exactly. Dressed in the country style, very likely freckled, and a wearer of spectacles; crammed to the throat with the new education and individuality of women doctrine, certainly. And, of course, for aunt possessed no tact at the best of times, should be left alone with this interesting female for the greater part of a hot summer afternoon. She was eighteen too. A most offensive age.

Well, I should have to be polite; talk to her and amuse her with my experiences abroad, and then, if I had luck, I could plead the excuse of dinner in town, and escape by an early train.

The train jolted itself to a standstill. A crowd of loafers posed as professional eyesores in front of a grumpy inn, and commented upon my appearance. What a place! A stupid-looking servant told me that the ladies were in the garden, so to the garden, grumbling, I had to go. Certainly it was all awfully pretty. I began to wonder how I was looking.

"You've never met Ida before, Philip," I heard an old woman saying. "Well, here she is."

I believe I said something. I might have remarked upon the weather, but am not sure. I know that there was a lot of gold, fluffy hair, and some blue eyes.

"I must leave you to entertain each other for a few minutes. You will hear the luncheon gong out here. And the old lady withdrew. Really, aunt has wonderful tact.

We began to talk. I never found talking come so easily. "So you really are my cousin?"

"I think I am. But I hope you don't mind. It's not my fault, you know." A funny little smile quivered round her mouth. She covered it up with a white rose.

"I didn't think you'd be a bit like what you are," said, wildly.

"People never are what you expect them to be. I'm sorry you're disappointed."

"I'm not. I think you're—" I didn't know what to say.

"What?" She certainly was laughing now.

"Indescribable."

Her face was half buried in the rose, and two bright eyes looked at me over the petals. "I've known lots of girls—indescribable. They weren't all nice. Some were horrid. But you must have been disappointed—really. There are pleasant disappointments, just as much as there are unpleasant ones."

"In what way were you disappointed when you were?"

"I saw your last photograph."

"It was an awfully libelous one," I hastened to say.

"It was. It flattered you horribly. I wonder you weren't ashamed of it."

"I was. Not because it flattered me."

"I'm glad you admit that. I have one or two theories you know. One must have a little excitement."

"What is this particular theory?"

"That men are vainer than girls. No, you're not to say anything; it would lead to an argument, and that wouldn't be fair. It doesn't need a reply, does it?"

"No, I suppose not."

"I've quite proved my point, haven't I?"

"Rather!" Somewhat absently, because I was wondering how I could miss the last train from Mayburn that evening.

I believe I must have moved. Anyhow, she seemed nearer.

"Now we'll talk about something else."

"You, for instance," I ventured.

"That would be as dull as—as the books I read to my mother. Such words! I have to twist my mouth into unimaginable shapes."

"Give me an example."

She thought for a moment, while I thought, too, that I should like to be the word that she was thinking about.

"Psy-chol-og-ic-al." It came very slowly.

I believe I moved again, for she stepped back.



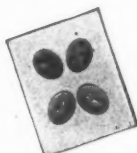
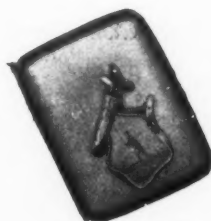
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"PUTTING ON AIRS."

"Isn't that an awful word!" She made a little, distracting hoop of her mouth. I began to feel strange.

"Don't say that again," I said.

Her eyes opened in wondering circles. "Why not?"

"Because—I'll tell you later on."

"O—h!" Suddenly—"Isn't this a pretty rose?"

"I have seen a prettier."

"Oh!" With a delicate drawing in of a lower roseleaf lip.

"I mean I do see a prettier."

"I'm quite sure that isn't true."

"Did you ever know me to tell an untruth?"

She pulled out the tiniest, most delightful watch. "I've known you just eleven minutes."

"And seconds?" I demanded, determined to have my due.

"Sixteen, about. But you shall have the benefit of the doubt; I'll say twenty. And you are surprised because you haven't told me an untruth during that time. Oh, Mr. Percival!"

"You have caught me in the act," I said, quite triumphantly, "unless you wish to withdraw your statement."

"I never withdraw anything."

"I shall bind you down to that."

"All right. Really, I don't see any rose besides this one."

"I have the advantage over you. Of course, now, if I were a looking-glass—"

"Oh, that is what you mean. No! Stand just where you are, and don't move until we hear the luncheon gong."

It had been a very little movement, but I obeyed.

"But Ida—"

"Ida!"

"Of course. We're cousins, aren't we? Cousins always call each other by their Christian names."

"Are you quite sure?"

"Certain," I answered, recklessly. "I shouldn't say so if I weren't. You'll call me by mine, won't you, Ida?"

"Per-haps. If I can pronounce it. If it isn't a word like psychol—"

"You're not to say that."

"I can't think why."

"My name isn't hard to pronounce. It's just Philip."

"I dare say I can manage that. P—h—i—l, phil; i—p, ip; add them up, Philip. What funny musical initials you've got, haven't you? P. P.—pianissimo, very soft. You're not very soft, are you—Philip? Oh! do you know what you're doing?"

"Standing here, talking to you."

"You know very well. Do you know what you're holding?"

"I couldn't help it. It seemed to come quite naturally."

"That's not any answer."

"No. But it's such a sweet little hand, and—you're not angry, Ida, are you?"

"Of course I am. Suppose someone should be hidden in the shrub-

bery with a—kodak. I've heard of such things."

"Oh, no; there's nobody there. You don't want to take your hand away, you know."

"I do; but how can I when you're squeezing it all up?"

"You said just now that you never withdrew anything." That was the moment of my triumph.

"Well, this is the exception, stupid!"

I looked her straight in the face. This was quite polite, because she was looking straight into mine.

My attention was distracted. Wiggling about among the silky threads of gold, I saw a hideous, contemptible black spider, which had evidently fallen from the tree overhead.

"Keep still!" I cried; "there's a horrid beetle in your hair. Don't move your head."

There was a deep silence, which became broken by the faint clanging of the luncheon gong.

"Hurry up! mother hates me to be late." Then, in lower tones, "I don't believe there's anything in my hair at all, except your fingers."

It was curious how skillful that insect was in eluding my grasp, and how difficult it was to locate. I kept fingering little shining curls, where I thought I had seen it, but somehow it

always escaped. At last it flew away, but I still kept on looking for it. Her face was so very near mine. I had to stoop over her considerably to look for the insect.

It glanced down, and suddenly the lashes lifted. She tilted her head back. I looked upon the sweetest lips in the world, half-parted, while little imps of mischief were darting about in her eyes.

"Philip," she said.

"Yes." It's wonderful how expressive you can make a monosyllable.

"Will you tell me, please, why you didn't want me to say psychological?"

I couldn't help it. Who could have blamed me?

I was unlucky enough to miss the last train from Mayburn that evening. Another disappointment!—*St. Paul's.*

"Do you know what you are?" asked the man who was growing tired of bluster and threats.

"What am I?" demanded the man who had been jumping up and down, calling names and yelling until he was black in the face.

"You are nothing but a human yellow journal," was the retort.—*Chicago Post*



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"What was?"

"Why, his getting up an Academy of Immortals in which he is the only member."—*Chicago Record*.

A GLENS FALLS teacher was trying to impress on the class the lessons of Washington's birthday, and among other questions she asked:

"If the Southern Confederacy had succeeded, what would Washington have been the father of?"

"Twins," was the prompt reply of one of the boys.

—*New York Tribune*.

"THEY DO pretty things in Boston," said the Occasional Liar. "What do you suppose I saw the last time I was there?"

"Give it up," sang the chorus.

"A sign that said, '\$2.50 pants, marked down from \$8 trousers.'"—*Cincinnati Inquirer*.

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"Raffle for Souls—At the last Raffle for Souls the following numbers obtained the prize, and the lucky holders may be assured that their loved ones are forever released from the flames of Purgatory:

"Ticket 841—The soul of the lawyer, James Vasquey, is released from Purgatory and ushered into heavenly joys.

"Ticket 41—The soul of Mme. Calderon is made happy forever.

"Ticket 762—The soul of the aged widow, Francisca de Parras, is forever released from the flames of Purgatory.

"Another raffle for souls will be held at this same blessed Church of the Redeemer on January 1st, at which four bleeding and tortured souls will be released from Purgatory to Heaven, according to the four highest tickets in this most holy lottery. Tickets, \$1. To be had of the Father in charge. Will you, for the poor sum of \$1, leave your loved ones to burn in Purgatory for ages?"

THE philanthropist stopped in front of the cell oc-

cupied by the most abandoned criminal in the institution, a young man who had hamstrung horses for fun, thrown dynamite cartridges into stage-coaches to hear the noise, bored holes in the bottoms of steamboats in order to see the passengers try to swim with their clothes on, and in a spirit of mischief held up a railway train or two.

"What brought you here, my friend?" asked the philanthropist.

"Readin' 'Peck's Bad Boy' when I was a kid," replied the hardened villain. "It's all right, I reckon. I ain't kickin'," he added, turning again to his game of solitaire to signify that the interview was over, "only the same year they sent me here the feller that wrote 'Peck's Bad Boy' was elected Guv'ner."—*Chicago Tribune*.

"Harry, do you love your little baby brother?"

"What's the use? He wouldn't know it if I did!"

—*Tit-Bits*.

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